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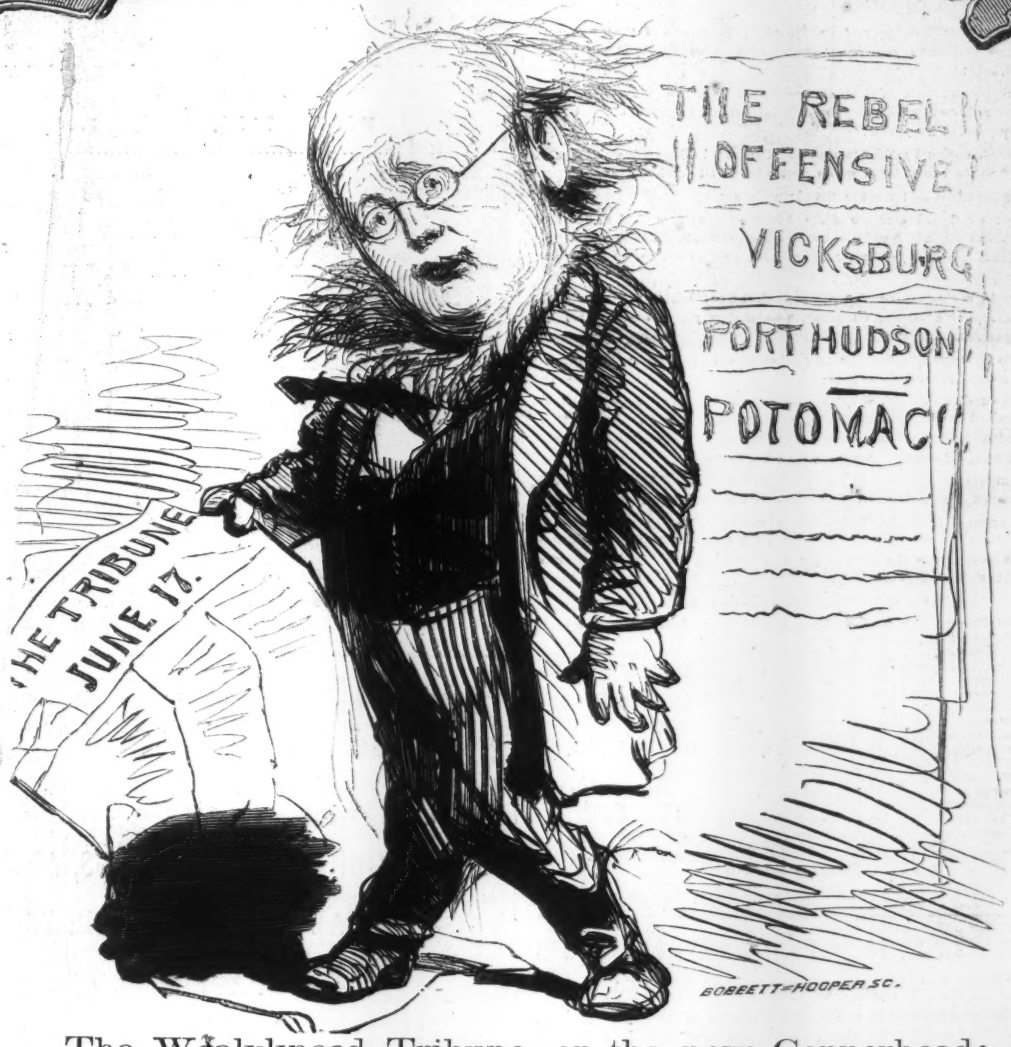
VOL. 7. NO. 169.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, July 4, 1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.



The Weak-kneed Tribune, or the new Copperhead:

WHO SAYS THAT, "IF THE REBELS BEAT GRANT AND WATER THEIR HORSES IN THE DELAWARE, ROUTING ALL THE FORCE WE CAN BRING AGAINST THEM, WE SHALL BE UNDER FOOT, AND MAY AS WELL OWN IT."

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 Bowery, cor. Broome Street, New-York,
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TO THE

UNION AND LOYAL LEAGUES AND ASSOCIATIONS, AND LOYAL CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25th, 1863.

FELLOW CITIZENS: By direction of the Union League of Philadelphia, the undersigned have the honor to invite your attention to the following Resolutions, to wit: *Resolved*,

"1. That the League will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.

"2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.

"3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.

"4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal Citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect."

For the first time in the history of our Country, the masses of the American people are now invited to commemorate the birth of the Union, at the place where it was born:

To reassert the great principles of the Declaration, that "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:"

To acknowledge our obligations to mankind, to maintain those principles as our fathers did, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence:"

To declare the indivisibility of the American Union:

To declare the inflexible purpose of the American people, as God shall give them strength, to subdue the enemies of the Union, and reëstablish and perpetuate the National Authority, wherever it has been overthrown by treason or rebellion.

To declare to foreign nations, that while we desire peace with them, we shall hold them responsible for any encouragement they may give to the rebellion against the government of the United States.

To give to history an appropriate expression of our gratitude to the patriot-armies and navy of the Republic: and

To declare our determination to sustain the constituted authorities of the Government now and hereafter, in all measures adopted and prosecuted by them for the suppression of the rebellion without compromise with traitors, as the only means of securing an honorable and lasting peace.

The Committee are gratified to announce that the President of the United States has accepted an invitation to participate in the proceedings

Fellow Citizens of the United States, we call upon you to coöperate with us in this First National Celebration, and to adopt such measures as you may deem proper, to make it worthy of a great people who have inherited, and now possess and appreciate the blessings of liberty.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman.

Henry C. Carey,	C. S. Smith,	James L. Claghorn,
Horace Binney, Jr.,	F. A. Comly,	Wm. Henry Rawle,
Frederick Fraley,	Alfred M. Jessup,	Evan Randolph,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Daniel Dougherty,	E. Spencer Miller,
Jos. Allison,	John W. Forney,	M. H. Meschert,
Berj. Gerhard,	Morton McMichael,	C. H. Needles,
Geo. H. Stuart,	J. I. Clark Hare,	S. C. Perkins,
N. B Browne,	Wilson C. Swann, M. D.,	Craig D. Ritchie,
William Camac, M.D.,	J. Edgar Thomson,	W. S. Stewart,
S. M. Felton,	Wm. H. Ashhurst,	J. Price Wetherill,
A. E. Borie,	Geo. H. Boker,	E. D. Whitney,
Wm. M. Tilghman,	John B. Myer,	Geo. J. Weaver,
H. Carey Lea,	J. Gillingham Fell,	Chas. S. Wurts, M.D.,
Ed. Hartshorne, M.D.,	F. J. Dreer,	Wm. Struthers,
Thos. Webster,	H. C. Howell,	G. M. Conarroe,
Ellis Yarnall,	George Trott,	Saunder Lewis,
	And many others.	

General Committee of Arrangement.

GEORGE H. BOKER, Secretary.

Union League and Kearney Cross HEADQUARTERS.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS, or the KEARNEY CROSS.

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BY HIS NEPHEW,

PIERRE M. IRVING.

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VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WAS RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND IS FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,

Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York

Published for the Proprietors, by Louis H. Stephens, [illegible]

JOHN BULL IN NEW-YORK.

Old J. B. (to young J. B.)—"SKEDADDLE, SIR?—SKEDADDLE? BECAUSE YOU 'APPEN TO 'AVE BEEN BORN IN AMERICA, MUST YOU MAKE USE OF SUCH 'ORRID AMERICANISMS AS SKEDADDLE? YOU MAY MIZZLE TO CANADA TO AVOID THE DRAFT, SIR, AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASE, BUT I'LL CUT YOU OFF WITH A SHILLING, YOU YOUNG DOG, IF YOU CALL IT SKEDADDLE!"

"EXTRACT OF THE NIGHT-BLOOMING SERIOUS."—Any quotation from the *Evening Express.*

Meteorological.

IT is commonly believed that the loud shouting of a great multitude brings down the rain, and we think this is quite likely to be true, as the Welkin generally Wrings on such occasions.

To Persons about to Live Forever.

IN anticipation of the universal longevity promised to mankind by the great physical reformer, Dr. DIO LEWIS, would it not be neat and appropriate to speak of that gentleman, henceforth, as Dr. NEVER-SAY-DIE-O LEWIS?!

An Old Saw New-Set.

"COME, wife," said WILL, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate;
"I know," said WILL, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to *mend!*"

Not yet "Out of the Woods."

OUR Harrisburgh CONTRIBUTOR, speaking of the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention to nominate a Governor, says: "I regret to say that the *malligneous* influence of your FERNANDY seems to have prevailed here; the final sentiment of the Convention being unequivocally WOOD-WARD!"

Our H. C. *will* spring his little joke on us.

How the Voters of Paris answered the Imperialist Canvassers.

BY their THIERS.

THE LAY OF THE MAN OF ONE METAL.

"COPPER—One of the Base Metals."—*Dictionary.*

I.

I HAVE no thews of Steel,
Like the mighty men of yore;
I have no Golden thoughts—
My mind knows no such ore—
No locks of silver shine
On my brow, whence sense has fled;
One sole metal point is mine—
I am a Copper Head!

II.

No wealth of "Tin" have I;
I claim no Iron hand;
My tongue has never used
Soft Solder on the stand.
These are all considered fine;
But this I have, instead:
One sole metal point is mine—
I am a Copper Head!

III.

Though of cheek quite hard enough,
I deficient am in Brass;
Though a son of Mercury
My Quick Silver will not pass:
Though at heart I oft repine,
Yet 'tis not a heart of Lead;
One sole metal point is mine—
I am a Copper Head!

IV.

Yet am I oppressed with fear;
What if, to reproach my sin,
Thews of Steel and thoughts of Gold,
Iron hands and wealth of "Tin,"
Should their forces all combine
And descend in direst dread—
All the metals of the mine—
To crush the Copper Head!

Examinations in Natural History.

Q. CAN you give me the name of any remarkably venomous reptile?

A. Yes; the Viper.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Viper?

A. Yes; the Asp.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Asp?

A. Yes; the Cobra de Capello.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Cobra de Capello?

A. Yes; the Whip-Snake.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Whip-Snake?

A. Yes; the Moccassin Snake.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Moccassin Snake?

A. Yes; the Carpet Snake.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Carpet Snake?

A. Yes; the Rattle-Snake.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the Rattle-Snake?

A. Yes; the COPPER-HEAD.

Q. Is there any more venomous reptile than the COPPER-HEAD?

A. NARY!!!

THE INVASION.

PALPITATING Pennsylvania bristles yet bravely with bayonets, which she burns to cross with those of the rebel ragamuffins. Philadelphia is more tranquil since our last, and has generously detailed a policeman for duty at Harrisburgh, the capital of the Commonwealth, where that noble officer was received with an ovation which concentrated his long and useful life into its happiest moment, in a jiffy. The freedom of the city was tendered to him in a cartridge-box, and he was called on for a speech. Confidence has been in a great measure restored at Harrisburgh by the timely reinforcement. Our correspondent in that quarter states that the quakerly inhabitants are quietly organizing, however, and that the aversion displayed by the Society of Friends to that of our Southern Enemies is very marked and decided. Well wot it be for the Union of these States if New-York and New-Jersey e converted into a raiding ground by the myrmidons of DAVIS! Who mentions the loathsome Copperhead in Pennsylvania, now? vasion is the life of loyalty, sure as procrastination is the thief of ne; and we will bet a Panama hat that, if the redoubtable STUART, (him of the rebel horse, not him of the Winter Garden.) were seen watering his horse at the hydrant in Printing-House Square, HORACE GREELEY would come tearing down the stairs of the *Tribune* office to charge him with a broomstick and treason, while BEN WOOD, staining his leaden inkbottle on the traitor, from the roof of the *Daily News*, would turn his flank. If conscience makes cowards of us all, so does invasion appear to rouse the wallowing pluck of the inert masses. The cusses know this. Hibernicus and Teutonicus know it, and combine themselves into one Americus.

A PIRATE IN THE RIVER!

THERE has been a good deal of excitement in the City, for some hours past, owing to the rumor that a rebel pirate is cruising in the East River, off Jones's Wood. The Chamber of Commerce is thoroughly roused, and things wear a mixed aspect. We will jot down the rumors as they come crowding in.

A wild boy from Montauk Point has just been captured by the River Police. As his talk is altogether Montauk, it was some time before any intelligence could be obtained from him, but, on an interpreter being procured, the following statements were elicited from the little stranger:

He says that, on Tuesday evening last, a landing was effected on Montauk Point by a strange man in a boat. The man was shabbily dressed in an old white surtout coat, and seedy white hat. He carried a basket containing some provisions in one hand, and in the other a flag bearing the words, "Let us own up—they are watering their horses in the Delaware." The name *Tribune* was painted on the stern of the boat, and the man in walking, displayed that peculiar vacillating movement of the knees common to corsairs and other desperate characters.

From this evidence it is clear that there ought to be no time lost in dispatching a gunboat to cruise in the waters of the Sound.

Another rumor has just come in. The old woman who sleeps in the top room of the shot-tower near Jones's Wood was hailed, last night, from the river, by a voice, demanding to be informed whether she had "any shot in the locker." As she is a good Union woman, and would not willingly impart any information to an enemy, on the subject of our munitions of war, she cleverly evaded the question by putting the well-known one, "How's your poor feet?" To this there was no reply.

Comparing this aged, but respectable person's evidence with that of the Montauk native, it is obvious that there is danger to be apprehended by craft plying in the East River and Sound.

Just as we are writing, a newsboy rushes in to say that Fulton Market has been fired on by a man in a boat, an old white surtout and a shabby hat, who is discharging clam-shells at the city, from a basket, as he drifts down with the stream. He shouts "Peace," at intervals, and then yells "Blood! bellud!"

It is now six o'clock P.M. The man in the boat is reported to have drifted down as far as Bay Ridge. He may be a harmless person, after all, but we are happy to say that the police are on his wake.

SONG OF THE TELEGRAM.

AIR—*Song of the Summer Breeze.*

OH! is there a Liar, beneath the blue sky,
That's half so welcome, so trusted as I?
I play with the simple, I toy with the dread,
And almost awaken the slumbering dead.
I'm out in the *Herald* at first blush of day,
In the *Post* and *Express* ere the twilight is gray;
I'm here, and I'm there; and, wherever I fly,
"How sweetly," 'tis said, "does the Telegram lie!"

I'm read at the lattice half opened, and there
Give a glow to the cheeks that were pale with despair,
I'm heard round the room, and, before I depart,
I know, though I've lied, I've cheered many a heart!
Then off to the mountain, and over the moor—
I pause and I lie at the cottager's door;
And, as I pass onward, I hear, low and high,
How the children are pleased with the Telegram lie!

I flit through the country from morning till night,
And oft as I'm read, people laugh with delight;
I'm talked of at church, and the choir sings with glee,
For their musical gladness is wakened by me.
I laugh, when they tearfully find they're deceived,
For I know that my next will be firmly believed;
But the daintiest pleasure my travel can buy
Is from sweet lips that doat on the Telegram lie!

I am made in the weak brains of asses and fools,
Who practice the science of tinkers and tools—
Who trifle with feelings profounder than death—
Who wring sturdy hearts, and crack jokes, at a breath;
And the Government takes me and sends me along:
Though I'm often unwell, I seem ever a song:
And I flatter, and smooth, and deceive, till I die—
A trusted, though heart-breaking, Telegram lie!

Strawberries and Cream.

AN agricultural paper states that "in one county of Maryland there are two persons who have each one hundred and twenty acres of strawberries."

We learn from another source that the two landed proprietors referred to are in negotiation for a lease of the Milky Way.

On the "Crib."

A good deal has been said and written on the "prevention of Cribbing in horses," and we are inclined to think that a cure may be effected, if the proper means are resorted to.

We are acquainted with a dramatist, though, who is not so easily managed. He says that he "works like a horse," and perhaps he does; but, as to Cribbing, there is neither prevention nor cure in his case.

RATHER A BOA.

ORNITHOLOGISTS are queer people, as anybody must admit who reads the following:

"Naturalists are delighted to read that at last a Moa has been seen in New-Zealand. The Moa is a walking not a flying bird, supposed from the numerous skeletons which have been found of it to grow from eight to nine feet high."

A further description of the delightful "Moa" reveals the cheerful fact that it is provided with three claws more than a foot long each, and an enormous spur. Also that it was "once a source of dread to the natives." And here's your lively ornithologist tearing about and crying "Eureka! I've found a Moa!"—which is something like a snake-fancier's getting caught up by a constrictor, and singing out "Hooray! I've got a Boa!"

ALL A-GLOW.

THOUGH philosophers take pride in persuading themselves that "there is nothing new under the sun," readers of the following paragraph will at least admit that there is something new under the water:

"One of the greatest novelties of the day is due to the inventive genius of some French fishermen, who found that by sinking a bottle containing glow-worms, a good take of sardines was insured, which has given rise to the use of the electric light to invite the fish to their nets."

The very first thing that occurred to us, on reading the above, was a wish that every one of those abominable "geometer worms" by which our city trees have already been sadly blighted, were a glow-worm, and every draftable male individual in the United States a fisherman, to bottle and cork that abominable wriggler with care, and sink it with a deep-sea lead to the bottom of the ocean, thence never to revisit these scenes so charming As the geometer worm is not a thing to be made Light of, however, no more need be said on that branch of the subject.

In the above-quoted paragraph, we discern a rather bad look-out for the glow-worm, the fire-fly, and other insects provided by Nature with luminous attachments. Already has the fire-fly been doomed to bottling for far nobler purposes (not porpoises, mind,) than that of betraying "tawny-finned fishes" at the bottom of the sea. An accomplished milliner, whose balcony abuts upon ours, assures us that she is now occupied in perfecting a robe trimmed with these brilliant little bugs enclosed in diminutive glass-globes, which are perforated like pepper-boxes, for the admission of the air. Taking this in connection with the peculiar head-dress now worn by ladies, may it not well be said that they, like the French fishermen, hang out these lights "to invite the fish to their nets?" By-and-by, Mr. BARNUM will announce to his extensive public that he has just secured a Mermaid, whose robes are trimmed with glow-worms abstracted by her from the deluded sardine-fishers, and that she is to be seen milking his Cow-fish at the Museum, night and morning. There is no limit to the ideas suggested by this new light. Anglers will now take to dressing artificial fire-flies, wherewith to tempt the lazy two-pound trout from his dark pool, o'nights. Poets, instead of comparing the objects of their muse to the "pretty moth," will sing "Come hither artificial fire-fly," which will be very appropriate when we consider how frequently ladies are "on the hook." All the world of Fashion, and Fishin', will wax jubilant, and the wretched insects will have a bad time of it.

A Philadelphia "Gray's Elegy."

YESTERDAY we were startled by a wild "whilloo!" in the anti-chamber of our sanctum, and, before we had time to enquire the cause of it, were shocked by the sudden appearance of our Wild Irish Contributor, who rushed in with a newspaper in his hand, from which he read, in a howling manner, the following extract:

"The Philadelphia Gray Reserves, one thousand one hundred strong, are still at Harrisburgh, but refused to be mustered in. Their conduct is severely commented on by other troops."

Then drawing a black bottle from his pocket, (it probably contained either ass's milk or goat's whey,) the W. I. C. took a swig at it, after which he delivered himself of the following inspired rhapsody:

"We larn with great amaze
That the Philadelphia Grays
Declines into the service to be mustered
Whin at their very gates
The inemy dilates
In the blatt'erin' way peculiar to that cussed herd.
If this be thrue, what then?
It goes to prove that PENN-
Sylvania had some rason to whin she hastened
To call upon New-York
For some boys to do her work,
While her own spalpeens to tay wint quite complacent!"

Not so Sweet.

THE Mexicans, as a last resort, intend to flood the country around their capital, on the approach of the French.

Now we all know that the French are fond of *eau sucrée*, but you may bet your life that they will cry "*Oh, sacré!*" when they find themselves up to their necks in Mexican waters.

Con. by a Modiste Person.

WHY was the late Rebel incursion into Pennsylvania like the embroidery of a lady's cloak?

Because it was chiefly arrayed on the Border.

Pastoral Quip.

"WHY are the cattle those rustics are gathering—asked SOME ONE, calling attention to them with his finger—like the stories that gossips retail?' NO ONE knew, and EVERY ONE asked—Why?" "Because they are those which they he(a)rd!" replied S. O.

Information Wanted.

WE observe that an advertisement in the papers announces "An illustrated Article on Human Noses."

Will somebody be good enough to write and inform us whether the article referred to is identical with the "pictorial pocket-handkerchief?'

PLEASANTON.

"BRIGADIER-GENERAL PLEASANTON, so distinguished by his recent cavalry exploits, has been promoted to the rank of a Major-General."—[Daily Paper.

Bold rider, hard hitter,
For a leader none fitter
None with more *élan*.
Forward, over the dykes and bridges,
Through the gaps, and over the ridges.
On, on,
PLEASANTON!

About the Hang of It.

A WESTERN paper states that "JEFF DAVIS and Gen. BEAUREGARD have but one pair of trousers between them."

Whether this be true, or not, it is pretty certain that they will not be hard up for Suspenders, by-and-by.

MOTHER GOOSE ON SPENCE.

THERE was a little man, and his name was SPENCE,
And he lived in Liverpool town, town, town,
Where as agent for JEFF DAVIS his business was immense,
And nobly that revolter paid him down, down, down.

But by-and-by his language didn't suit the views of JEFF,
Whom he talked of in a manner to incense, cense, cense,
And Secessia now is howling, with a shout to rouse the deaf:
"Let us buy a rope to hang him, darn the expense, SPENCE, SPENCE!"

Our Cockney, again.

"WHAT hinsect," asked the COCKNEY, "halways reminds one of a great counting-house in the city?"

"Can't say," replied the OTHER.

"Why, it's the 'bus' ha(u)nt,' my boy," explained the facetious C.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

Cousin Emily, (who is somewhat fast)—"AND SO THE GOVERNOR HAS SHUT DOWN ON YOUR POCKET-MONEY, TOM? WELL, NEVER MIND; I GOT MINE YESTERDAY—SUPPOSE WE MATCH FOR THE COBBLERS AND CIGARS!"

The Voyage of Discovery of the Philadelphia Street Committee According to "Mother Goose."

RUB-A-DUB-DUB!
To examine the "Hub"
As to mud, a Committee was sent:
They arrived—more or less—
And, we're forced to confess,
They returned—quite as wise as they went!

Quadrature of the ("Golden") Circle.

"THE Central Democratic Club of Philadelphia have succeeded in getting possession of Independence Square for their Fourth of July celebration, I see," observed SOME ONE.

"Their presence on that spot," said JENKS, "will be a striking anomaly."

"What anomaly?" asked the former speaker.

"The incredible anomaly of Copperheads 'on the Square'!" replied JENKS, gravely.

"Destruction of Semmesport."

ON reading the above heading to a war paragraph in the dailies of Sunday last, a thrill of satisfaction caused us to leap out of our boots and imprint upon the ceiling an intaglio likeness of the top of our head. We thought, for a moment, that the *Alabama* had at last met with her deserts, and that SEMMES' Sport, which has been no joke, of late, had come to a timely end. Fancy our depression, then, when we found that the paragraph only related to the capture of a rebel fort on the Red River!

What Nap. III. finds the recent French Election has done for him.

STIRRED up his Gaul?

YANKEE DOODLE'S FOURTH-OF-JULY POME FOR 1863.

JEST eighty-seven years ago, the LORD was our reliance,
Again GEORGE REX we riz right up and crowed a bold defiance;
Sez we "Your walkin' ticket's signed." Sez he "I'll hang the signers."
But tho' he hed the "Right Divine," we proved the right diviners.

We fit and fit, neow up, neow deown, neow one atop, neow tother,
Till his most sacred majesty got kind o' worsted—ruther;
And when *our* GEORGE in a closte hug throwed Ginral CORNWALLIS,
The other GEORGE he felt the shock way down tu Windsor Pallis.

Sence then we've gone amazin' well, a-growin' and a-growin,
Like some ambishus kind o' tree, a-branching eout and blowin';
And neow the fruit would all be sot, and ripenin' in the sunshine,
The biggest kind o' fruit at that—ef it hedn't a-ben for *one* shine.

The Devil hisself—the same old cuss as crept into the garden,
And made this world for evermore no better'n a b'ar den—
Got into all the folks down South, who up and sought thar triggers,
And veowed the'd shute, becaws, sez they, "Yeou Yanks run off eour niggers."

'Twarn't so, and well they knew it warn't; but what's the euse o' talkin',
They *would* mistake for Northern views mere abolishin' squawkin';
Thar leaders had many a year the trouble ben a-brewin',
And just becase they couldn't rule, was beound to smash and ruin.

And so the shindig began. They're sworn, by blood and thunder,
The Union to dissolve—the world's majestic wonder,
Six millions agin twenty odd to du the work is pitted,
Not reck'nin in the kullerd men by LINCOLN manumitted.

It can't be done, it shan't be done, the blessed Bird o' Freedom,
He's both enough for treasons hordes and all the knaves as lead 'em;
The thirteen States together sang to cheer eour sires before us,
Nor shall the Southern cross break up eour grander modern chorus.

The Fourth, with sheouts, is hailed to-day, by three fourths of the people,
Let war-drums beat, and trumpets peal, and flags deck roof and steeple;
In vain the rebel chieftains strain to break the Union tether,
We'll show 'em in eour own good time the way to hang together.

Bring eout the biggest kind o' guns—the DOLLGRIN fifteen-inchers,
Don't fire, as ushil, in the air, but plug the Union-lynchers;
Stop, with a storm of bustin' bombs their hollerin' and yellin',
For peace is purty much like peas, the easiest got by shellin'.

Q. WHAT is the principal difference between the swallow and the Cat?

A. It is an admitted fact that "One Swallow does not make a Summer," but any Cat can make a Spring.

Sentiment, by a Patent-Office Clerk.

HELL is paved with good Inventions!

A Distinguished Visitor to Jeff Davis.

MR. P. B. DU CHAILLU, as appears by a letter from that gentleman to a friend in New-York, is "about to set out for the Gorilla Country in July."

ONCE MORE.

The President.—"FREEMEN OF THE NORTH, ARISE, AGAIN!"
The Nation.—"WE COME!"

BOSTON.

As Viewed by Mr. Peeps.

(THIRD LETTER.)

Boston, June 24th, 1863.

Dear V. F.:—

But for having been accompanied by a garrulous female, (females are all garrulous, I believe) I should doubtless have seated myself on top of Mather & Bro.'s Tomb—handsomely shaded by a willow imported direct from the Tomb of Napoleon (a fact)—and composed an Elegy, so far behind Gray's that he would have been decidedly ashamed of himself. Thus Woman is always proving our stumbling-block. However, the Divine Flatitude came once very handsomely up to the scratch, (while She was fixing her bonnet) and tendered me the following couplet, on a silver salver:

"Oh, inexpressibly odious Cotton Mather!
Be a far likelier angel than you I'd rather!

The inversion in the second line is very beautiful, and indicative of genius.

The head-stones in this queer old bone-yard look as old as the hills. They are of slate, and I am told were carved in England—which well-known country likewise furnished the material. One slab is exceedingly ornate, in the way of grapes and other fruit; intended to typify, it is said, the manner of his death—which was achieved by a laborious colic caused by eating "the same." In the last generation, it was the custom of thoughtful parents, as the season of green plums, etc., came in, and the children began to manifest a profligate inclination toward the neighbors' fruit-trees, to take them round to What's-his-name's tomb, and repeat the legend impressively. I should say a raw-hide would be as nothing, compared with this spectacle—eminent as the claims of the first-named cuticular corrective always seem, in my fond reminiscences of boyhood—and it is more than possible that in those days, theft and colic (as connected with fruit) were as rare as nickel cents, while fruits, including cherries, were as plenty as Boston Crackers.

Having at length shed our last tear (about the size of a phœnix-egg) on the Matherian relics, we wound along, hand in hand, like Paul and Virginia, (only a good deal handsomer) trying to retrace our steps—the attempt betraying much fortitude and resolution, but no great amount of Bostonian sense—and at length got so far out of our course, and heads, too, that we began to think of our friends with affection, as all benighted people do, I believe—hoping that, though lost to sight, we were still to memory dear, and were being advertised extensively in all the principal papers, including the *Gazette*. Owing to these circumstances (too common, alas! in Boston) it would surprise only the stupidest New-Yorker to learn that we eventually found ourselves (thus saving the expense of the advertisements) in Franklin street. The street bears old Ben's name, and its soil holds his dust, and his wife's, too; for right in the middle of the carriage-way are two circles eight or ten feet in diameter, with a scruboy little shrub in the centre of each, and no flowers or anything else that I remember, and no fence around, either; and there, under that level surface, disturbed by ten thousand wheels every day but Sunday, rest the ashes of the Lightning-tamer and his beloved wife. The fact was, property got to be so valuable in that particular spot, people had to compromise at last between their interest and their principle—the former always springing from the latter, of course—and while they "built up" the neighborhood, Report began to whisper that certain of the wealthy bore it in mind to erect a gorgeous monument to B. F.'s memory, and that these two circular and semi-sacred places for the accommodation of cigar-stumps were the imaginary seals wherewith they had sealed their determination. I hope there is no mistake about this.

Well, really! a grave subject. *Two* grave, in fact. How we ever got out of Franklin street, and so home, I'm hanged if I know. I have a confused recollection of stopping a great many persons, and obtaining a great many different directions, and getting awfully tired and disgusted as well as confused and profane, and at last coming plump upon our hotel all of a sudden, and feeling greatly ashamed of myself.

How good the supper tasted, though! Peeps.

The Southern Lady-Bird.

We are informed that the ladies of Richmond lately held a caucus meeting, with the view of deciding on an emblematical bird to be worn upon their bonnets in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

After a good deal of discussion, the toma-hawk was selected as the device *à la mode*.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

NO. X.

Air—"*Ah, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night!*"

Ah, Clement! 'tis a ticklish berth—
There's danger in the North!
I'll come and travel South with thee:
I dare not wander forth!
"Go back!" bold Clement cried, "Go back!
This is no place for thee;
Fear not, but trust in Cheek, my boy,
Wherever thou mayst be!"

Ah, Clement! dangers, often met,
The brave are apt to slight;
And thou hast known the Loyal Leagues
But to despise their might.
"It isn't self-respect," he cried,
That gives this strength to me—
Fear not, but trust in Cheek, my boy,
Wherever thou mayst be!"

In such a row the Marshal took
My father by the ear;
My brother went to Lafayette—
And he was captured here!
"And that," said he, "was like my fate;
But still, I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Cheek, my boy,
Wherever thou may'st be!"

The Loyal Leagues are getting fierce;
The patriots rush to arms;
We Copperheads grow feebler still,
And still feel new alarms.
"For shame! maintain a good bold front!
Disguise your fears!" cried he;
Fear not, but trust in Cheek, my boy—
See what it's done for me!"

Ah, Clement! this were very well,
Provided thou wert here:
I'd rather try my luck with thee,
Than stay, half dead with fear!
"Once more I say Keep Cool!" he cried,
"And wait for General Lee:
Fear not, but trust in Cheek, my boy,
Wherever thou mayst be!"

"A Ring! A Ring!"

The following advertisement appeared in a late number of the *Herald*:

"Sporting.—For sale, Suffolk Berkshire, and Essex Pigs, of all ages."

What the connection between "Sporting" and pork may be, does not present itself very clearly to our nude comprehension, unless, indeed, it is that piggy, in virtue of the ornament sometimes appended to his snout, may be considered a member of the Ring.

We leave our readers to determine for themselves whether the Ring to which we refer is that composing the Pugilistic Circle, or the other, equally respectable Ring of which certain City officials are the brightest gems.

BOOLE-DOG.

It was a graceful act of the retiring City Inspector, Mr. Delavan, that he caused the ash-barrels and garbage-boxes to be cleaned out during the last week of his career. By so doing, Mr. Delavan retired from office with a better odor than he might have exhaled a week or two previously. Henceforth, the kennels and sinks of the City are to be under the supervision of the eminent ex-Alderman Boole, who was well-known as "next friend" to the Prince of Wales, when that young gentleman condescended to leave the imprint of his boot upon our New-York mud. Let us importune the eminent City Inspector, Boole, to be vigilant in the new career just opening for his admittance. Eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty, but of clean streets. Remember, Mr. Boole, that the dog-days are at hand, and see that the too frequent canine corpusses by which our streets are rendered ghastly, receive decent interment. If ever we see a defunct dog in the street during your tenure of office, Mr. Boole, depend upon it that we shall raise the cry of "Boole-dog!" and then where will your ex-Aldermanship be?

THE LIFE OF LYNCH.

TOO much mystery has existed, until a comparatively late day, with regard to the censorship of the telegraph, and, indeed, we might say that a good deal of mystery existed, exists, and is likely to go on existing, with respect to the telegrams delivered by the telegraph. So far as the (mis) management of that important piece of machinery goes, the public is at length informed. There is a Censor to the telegraph, and his name is LYNCH. As everything connected with the telegraph is interesting to the last degree, and as LYNCH is connected with the telegraph, we have gleaned such particulars respecting the life and career of that young man as would make up a dime novel of the most thrilling character; but as there are no longer any dimes, a dime novel would be a rather untimely, or undimely, concern just now, on which account we must forego the luxury, and content ourself and our readers with a brief sketch of the remarkable youth in question.

LYNCH, the Supervisor of War Telegrams, is descended, as his name denotes, from Genoese parents. He was born on the Isthmus of Srez, his father having a small property in that territory, and his mother red hair and pale grey eyes. From his third day young LYNCH expressed a desire to be weaned, in order that he might indulge his unlicensed appetite for underdone sirloin steaks and bottled porter. It is creditable to his fond parents that they did not hesitate to grant his request; and to this circumstance may be traced his early developed taste for mathematics. In his infantile pastimes, young LYNCH displayed a marked difference to the other young gents of the vicinity rendered famous by his birth. He professed a thorough contempt for the glittering pageantry of courts, and constantly expressed his dissatifaction with the modern system of fire-works. Writing of him to the First NAPOLEON, his proud father says: "My b'hoy is hunkey to a degree; he is likewise bully beyond belief. With half of his chenanigan, and only a tithe of the skulduggery bestowed upon him by Nature, a less noble character would realize the spondulix. That's so." What a commentary upon these words has been the life of young LYNCH! When only forty years of age, he consumed his grandmother by upsetting a kerosene lamp over her as she was ironing out some clothes upon the piano. He was greatly beloved by his playmates, although a slight obliquity of eye prevented him from ever mastering the multiplication table. There is no end to the quaint sayings attributed to young LYNCH by his early (and late) companions. It was he who said, addressing a Burmese ambassador—"Show me your eye-tooth, and I will tell you the name on the gusset of your gauze merino undershirt." It was he who took down the pride of the most imperious woman the world ever saw, with the remarkable words—"Go along, CHARLOTTE, and I'll hold your shawl." In appearance, young LYNCH is what may be termed commanding. He weighs nearly five feet three inches, and stands one hundred and twelve pounds in his Congress gaiters. There is a fire in his eye that has drawn out many a hook and-ladder company, and, although long an octogenarian, he has not a hair upon his head. By nature, as well as by education, he is a high-toned gentleman, with high cheek-bones, a nasal pronunciation, and large red whiskers. It is known to be a fact that VULCAN, when he forged the bolts of JOVE, predicted that these weapons would one day turn into words, and decide the fate of nations, and that they would be superviced by a young man of the name of LYNCH. Such is destiny.

The Pughsillanimity of Pugh.

A CONTRIBUTOR accounts for the fact that PUGH, the Copperhead candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio on the ticket of VALLANDIGHAM, (who is running well in the South) is opposed to the war and in favor of peace on any terms, on the ground of "*Constitutional* Pughsillanimity."

By a Refugee.

Q. WHY is the Patriotic Spirit like a Needle?

A. Because it is true to the Pole.

A Whiskey Cock-tail.

WE observe that our new military geographical arrangements include a "Department of the Monongahela."

This Department, it seems, is under the command of General BROOKS, although, according to all our preconceived ideas on the subject, we should have supposed that the Monongahela ought to be looked after by the Secretary of the Interior.

RESULT OF "THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE."—That the Union must fall if a rebel "waters his horse in the Delaware."

Con. by a Foreign Resident.

WHY are the English Sympathizers with the Rebellion like mariners long becalmed in the tropics?

Because they hope for a favoring Tempest in Vane.

Rebellious Martha.

IT seems that the pestilent little rebel pirate; *Tacony*, makes a rendezvous of Martha's Vineyard, near which she is now committing the most audacious depredations. What is Martha about, all this time? We are afraid she is not a strong Union woman; otherwise she would have treated the *Tacony* to a dose of Grape from her Vineyard, ere now.

"LE BON ROI DAGOBERT."

Words for an Old Song with a Moral.

BY UNCLE SAMUEL.

THE good (?) NAPOLEON THREE
Said to his "*chère ville de Paris*:"
"My children, I declare
Your votes shall be as free as air!"
His loving (?) subjects heard,
And took him at his royal word.

The good (?) NAPOLEON THREE
Said to his favorite PERSIGNY:
"My 'cully'—*entre nous*—
Our candidates *must* be 'put through!'"
"I take," said P, "and swear
They shall, by foul means or by fair!"

The good (?) NAPOLEON THREE
Said, softly—to each Committee:
"Remember, if you please,
To count *well*—for *our* nominees!"
"Sire," said each Committee,
"For every one, we'll reckon three!"

The good (?) NAPOLEON THREE
Said, when the contest was *fini*:
"Well, PERSIGNY, *mon cher*,
Quick! our majority declare!"
"Majority!" whined P.;
"We're 'dead beat,' even in *cher Paris!*"

MORAL.

The good (?) NAPOLEON THREE
By this result, we trust, will see
That FRANCE, his "shaky" course
Toward UNCLE SAMUEL, won't endorse;
And, if he's wise, he'll set
SLIDELL AND CO. "out in the wet!"

Con-vex *vs.* Con-cave.

IT was by convex balls from the *Weehawken* that the rebel ironclad, *Atlanta*, got so handsomely riddled.

This, of course, is looked upon by the Confederates as a rather Convexatious affair.

"A" Difference.

Q. Why are the mountains of Pennsylvania like the carmen of New-York?

A. Because, according to an army correspondent, they are "teeming with horses."

OUR SWELL SOLDIERS.

LIFE in some of our provincial cities is a sort of carnival, now that our swell New-York regiments have gone down to the rescue, with all the pomp and circumstance of their brilliant uniforms. It is all very well for the Southern ladies to profess a religious objection to the "vulgar Yankee soldiers," but we rather guess that the mouths of the dear creatures would purse up, naturally, as if for sugar-plums, if they only had a chance of seeing our Seventh, for instance, or any average New-York Light-Guardsman, or a crimson-trousered Garde-Lafayette. If the invasion had only gone from our side instead of coming from the other, there would be some chance of the eventual civilization of the South. Real gentlemen soldiers, such as New-York has now sent out for the protection of the frontier, would soon cut out the bogus and "brummagem" *soi-disant* chivalry who profess to bask in the smiles of Southern beauty. The slouching Virginian planter, with long heels and pedigree, flatters himself that he is the representative of republican nobility, whereas, in reality, his tastes and accomplishments are much on a par with those of the negroes among whom he has been brought up, and by whom he has partially been educated. Ere this war is over, our swell soldiers of New-York may have an opportunity of giving another instance to history of the damaging manner in which the "children of luxury" rush upon the foe when the order comes "Up and at them!" Then let the "chivalry" look out!—for the chivalry's young women will sit at their windows, and gazing admiringly upon the gorgeous New-Yorkers, will exclaim, "Oh! don't we wish we might get 'em!"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

PENNSYLVANIA, June 24th.

DEAR VANITY: To-day is my birthday....

I am partially intoxicated.

12 A.M.—Don't believe anything you hear.

12 P.M.—Believe nothing you don't hear....

The Rebels are at Pottstown....or Chambersburg, I have not learned which....20,000 strong.

1 A.M.—Reïnforcements are arriving.

2 A.M.—Reïnforcements have arrived.

3 A.M.—Gen. LEE superintends the Raid in person.

He has stopped at McConnellsburgh for a gin cocktail. The Seventh Regiment is hourly expected.

Great excitement reigns in Freehold, N. J.....

Also, at Strawberry Farms.

3½ A.M.—The Rebels are certainly in Maryland....

They intend to breakfast in Philadelphia....

The weather is fine, but mixed.

4½ A.M.—The Rebels have taken Vicksburgh....

They are expected in Jersey City in about two days.

Preparations are being made for their reception.

P.S.—The Twenty-ninth New-Jersey are safe. They calculate to escape the draft.

4¾ A.M.—Colonel GUIDELL has given me great assistance. I intend to make a Knight of him. He has left me a bottle of apple-jack. I intend to make a Night of it.

5 A.M.—It is almost certain that Gen. LEE'S Army is somewhere or other. The Old Flag still waves over Washington.

5 A.M.—The Raid is still going on. Several cows are missing from North-western Pennsylvania. The Governor has called on the President for troops.

6 A.M.—More cows are missing, but the others have been found. The President has called on the Governor for more troops.

7 A.M.—I have found my dorg.

8 A.M.—I am safe, and reasonably sound.

9 A.M.—Believe nothing you hear. There are no Rebels north of the Alleghany mountains, except CHARLES INGERSOLL and FERNANDO WOOD.

10 A.M.—They are advancing by the Freehold and Colt's Neck turnpike. I mean the Rebels.

11 A.M.—There is no truth in the last report.

12 M.—Most of the enemy have returned to Chancellorsville. The rest have retreated.

3 P.M.—Harrisburgh is once more in danger. My lines extend from the Susquehannah to the Oregon river. If the Rebels cross the former, Eastport, Me., will be in imminent jeopardy.

5 P.M.—The Old Flag still waves over the Riverside Hotel, Red Bank, N. J. They talk about getting a new one.

6 P.M.—All is quiet along the Rappahannock. Place no reliance on the telegrams to the Associated Press. It is well known that there are no Rebels South of the Gulf of Mexico....

The crops are looking well in Pennsylvania.

6 P.M.—There is now but one reason who the Rebel Army does not overrun the North....

That is, that the Federal Army won't permit it.

7 P.M.—It is now thought that the Rebel Raid is not on so large a scale as was imagined at first. Gen. LEE'S Army is not believed to be anywhere, in particular.

8 A.M.—It is doubted whether there is a Raid or not. Mostly not. A highly-educated contraband informs me that he doesn't know. The weather is fine.

8½ A.M.—There are no Rebels in sight of Philadelphia.

9 A.M.—There are no Rebels in sight of Harrisburgh.

9½ P.M.—There are no rebels in sight of Harper's Ferry.

10 P.M.—There are no Rebels in sight at all.

11 P.M.—Warder reigns in Orsaw. Having plenty of time, I send you this by telegraph. I meant to have told you that to-day was my birthday. I would have written if I had time. Excuse me.

12 P.M.—There are no Rebels very near Pennsylvania. A small force has been seen some rods from the Potomac. Gen. LEE'S Army is now supposed to be at the seat of war. Troops are arriving constantly.

1 P.M.—Pennsylvania is safe. So, I flatter myself, is the Union; and so is MCARONE.

"BERRY WELL MASSA!"

(*Ethiopian Minstrel.*)

ACTUATED by a desire to encourage liberality, no matter by whom, or in what quarter displayed, we gladly give insertion, gratis, to the following announcement from the popular daily journal the *Tribulation*. The Dog-Days will soon be upon us now, and it is pleasant to think that the cup of our tribulation is not likely to be destitute of the delicious berries that render life less irksome.

THE TRIBULATION PRIZE HUCKLEBERRIES!

We have resolved to offer to each new subscriber (who requests it at the time of subscribing) a prize of THREE HUCKLEBERRIES. In order that our friends may have the satisfaction of knowing that this *delicious treat* is limited to them *exclusively*, we have the happiness to announce that by an arrangement extending to all the Jersey swamps, New-York morasses, Pennsylvania sloughs, and Connecticut ditches, *we have secured the entire huckleberry crop*, and that not a berry will be allowed to ripen unmolested, except for the *gustatory delectation* of our subscribers.

In order that their friends may fully realize the importance of this

LIBERAL OFFER

the Editors of the *Tribulation* proudly refer to the testimony of their friend Mr. GULLEM, who states that to his positive knowledge, the Huckleberry is the finest, largest, juicest, most luscious, and tempting of

ANY FRUIT PRODUCED ON THIS CONTINENT!

either native or imported, wild or cultivated. As the Editors especially desire to promote the well-being of their subscribers, they particularly request the recipients of this prize

NOT TO EAT ALL THREE IN ONE DAY!!

lest their stomachs suffer from the extreme lusciousness of the meal.

The Editors of the *Tribulation* further beg leave to state that this movement is not in any way actuated by the failing fortunes of their establishment, as has been impudently asserted by rival and ragamuffin journals, such as the *Herald*, but that it is merely an indication of good will towards a public always clamorous for *Tribulation*. Their journal has never been so prosperous as now, or they would not have been enabled to control so important an agricultural interest as the

HUCKLEBERRY CROP

in the manner just mentioned.

N.B. A HOE PRESS for sale. Extensive premises to let. Wanted on easy terms, a small back garret and a hand-press of the *Tribulation* size. Also a pair of second-hand electro-magnetic elastic stockings for weak knees. Apply at the *Tribulation* office, under the bed in the back-room in the rear.

Fruit for the "Rank and File."

Rasp-berries.

OUR CITY DEFENCES.

Scavenger.—"THIM'S PURTY STHRONG BREAST-WORKS, OR ELSE I'VE NO NOSE!—I'D LIKE TO SEE THE FURRIN FOE AS 'D INVADE N-YORK AND THIM BREAST-WORKS TO CARRY!"

Colors That Won't Wash.

How did your picture take at the Exhibition, this year?" asked LEMONIELLO of the Young Artist.

"Came off with flying colors," replied the Y. A.

"Ah! I suspected as much," rejoined LEMONIELLO: "I always told you that you use too much of those vegetable greens!"

From the Streets.

OUR special Boole-dog, whom we have set to watch the new City Inspector, reports to us that active measures have been already taken by that officer for thoroughly cleaning the "slums" of the city. When this has been done, and a certificate handed to us by our special Boole-dog, to the effect that the City sinks have been relieved of their deposits, we shall at once make out a commission in favor of Mr. BOOLE, appointing him Warden of our Sink-Ports.

Through the Rye.

IT is stated that certain large coffee speculators in New-York have scalded their fingers with their coffee, since rye, and other cheap grains have come into use, as substitutes for the genuine article, which the holders had put up to a fabulous price.

Thus it ever is with coffee-grinders, when they attempt to grind their customers along with their coffee. In running their Craft too close along shore, they get cast away on Rye beach.

Hooker and Eye.

AMONG other sayings attributed to General ROSECRANS is the one that "Cavalry are the eyes of the army."

Well, but, as Eyes are nothing without Hooks, we should say that all the cavalry that can be mustered ought to be sent to Gen. HOOKER, who has the "eyes of the army" upon him.

"Or Any Other Man."

THE latest intelligence about the *Tacony* is that she was "committing her depredations off No Man's Land."

From this we infer that No Man can tell what the *Tacony* is going to do next.

Bravo, Old 1812!

FROM Pennsylvania we learn that a "deputation of the soldiers of 1812 called upon Governor CURTIN, and tendered their services for the rifle-pits. They made a singular request, namely—that they should befurnished with flint-lock muskets, with which they promised to do great execution."

Our private advices inform us that one of these old bricks, on being asked his reason for preferring the old-fashioned flint-lock, replied that "if he couldn't get a gun to go off without the help of a Copper-Head, he had rather fight the battle out with his fists!"

A Correction.

A REBEL sheet, the Selma *Courier*, says that "locusts are coming out of the earth to torment the Yankees."

There is evidently a misprint in the first word of the extract: it should read "low cusses," and refers to the rebels coming out of their holes.

"Freedom of Speech."

THE *Evening Post* informs its readers that "A sheet of paper was manufactured last week at Mr. Van Benthuysen's paper mill at Cohoes, Albany county, forty inches wide and eight and-a-half miles long."

We understand that the slip referred to has been made specially for the purpose of printing one of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS' speeches on.

JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN, Printers, Fire-Proof Buildings, 16 and 18 Jacob Street, corner Frankfort, N.Y

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Address,

JAMES W. CHRISTOPHER,
47 DEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

To T. C. Nicholson
Philadelphia
Penn.

Dear Sir,

I cannot conveniently get at any stock of Family Fair; but I see by referring to my memorandum book that No. 169 was the last No. of the publication. If you have that number I suppose you have all that were published.

10/16/84

Yours truly,
J. W. Christopher

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